BLOND GOODESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

Recalls: Frank Grahame, waiting to see the great Mainwaring, movie executive, about a Mexican picture, sees a disturbing shadow on the window of the office. He cuts his appointment, and finds footprints on the lawn outside the office. He watches Janice Kent, movie star, drive away from the office in her car and watches a second car follow it. On an impulse he orders a taxi to follow the two cars. The taxi driver loses them, but tells Grahame he believes he knows where they went.

Chapter Tw

THE FIGH.

GRAHAME shrugged slightly and relaxed. He took a newspaper from his overcoat pocket and read a line or two here and there. Street lights, flashing by, gave indifferent illumination.

There was a story about Langton who had crashed into a West Indian hurricane some months before. Some new theory, thought Grahame, that the famous flyer had not died in that storm. Poor Bill Langton. Why didn't they let his name alone? He was gone and that was the end to it.

Grahame began to feel impatient. The brief evening rain had passed, leaving the pavements with a treacherous sheen. Grahame stirred forward in his seat. He saw that they were swinging into the hairpin that is the juncture of Laurel and Hollywood boulevards.

The cab lost its footing upon the slick crown. It skidded for a sickening split second. The headlight's glare swerved across stucco housefronts, then flashed upon the lacquered surfaces of two cars at the farther curb.

Grahame dropped the newspaper he held in his lap. He clutched at the door handle. In that brief camera-snap glimpse Grahame saw that there had been an accident. Figures of men had been moving about the cars.

With a sense of shock he realized that one had been a black limousine and the other tan in color. He lifted his hand to rap on the panel. As he did so, the cab's rubber found traction. Brakes squealed. He jerked at the door handle.

He ran back toward the cars. One, he saw was a black and gold-trimmed limousine halfway on the sidewalk and against a hydrant. The tan nose of a nondescript car was against the sleek side of the other like a slug against ebony. A trail, yards behind it, showed where tires had slid over the pavement.

As he approached, Grahame's mind registered two facts: he would have sworn that he'd seen four figures outlined against the tan car—here were but two,—a large man who lurched toward a little one.

Grahame's driver had turned his cab so that the headlights glowed upon the scene. The little man—a Japanese in dark uniform and cap—was retreating; the aggressor advanced with chin outthrust, and an arm drawn backward in a gesture unmistakable. A girl—Grahame's eyes widened at her beauty—leaned forward from the rear seat of the black and gold car. Her fingertips were pressed against her mouth.

"Hold on!" called Grahame.

THE large man pivoted toward Grahame. Small eyes, set in a face heavy and sullen, blinked in the glare. The man's arm lashed forward. Grahame swerved his head,—spoiled the timing of the blow. He countered with a vicious right as swift and as sure as a falcon's drop. Knuckles slapped against bone. The big man's eyes [illegible] alons. He pitched toward Grahame, who stepped sideways to let him fall.

Grahame looked at the girl. Her eyes, he noticed, were blue and wide; her hair was the color of coined gold.

He felt suddenly bareheaded and embarrassed, and looked for his hat. He found it, spotted and crushed, beneath the figure of the recumbent man. Pushing it into some semblance of its original shape, thoughtfully he surveyed it a moment, and placed it on his head.

He rubbed his right knuckles with the palm of his left hand. He cleared his throat. "Well——" he began inanely, when the motorcycles arrived.

The police kicked the stands behind the wheels, and approached. One of them opened a notebook.

"Whoopee?" he suggested wearily. "Names, please. Howd't happen. Is the man dead?"

Grahame explained. Once, while he talked, he looked toward the black car for confirmation, and saw that although the girl's face was hidden in the shadow, her head nodded briskly. He said nothing of having followed the cars from the studio, but began his statement as from the time his headlights had flashed upon the two cars at the curb. "And so," he concluded, "I hit him."

"That guy's just back from South America."

THE policeman looked thoughtfully at the slumbering stranger, and back at Grahame, and said, "Uhhuh. What's your name?"

"Grahame, F. A. Grahame."

The officer frowned and wet the tip of his pencil.

His companion, who had completed an inspection of the cars, offered, "That's the guy who just come back from South America."

The book snapped shut. The girl allowed the light to fall upon her face, and leaned forward toward the men.

"Frank Grahame!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I knew you were someone important!"

"Hullo, Miss Kent," said the officer.

Grahame looked quickly at the girl. Of course he recognized her now. Janice Kent. Really, she was much more beautiful than her pictures showed her. He was conscious at once of two unrelated thoughts: that photography was an inadequate art, and that hereafter there would be real satisfaction to write on official documents, "permanent residence: Hollywood."

He observed that the police had lifted the half-conscious man to the sidewalk, and were shoving the tan car away from the black one.

"It's only your paintwork damaged," said the officer of the notebook to the Japanese. "Better take Miss Kent home now. We'll take care of him." He pointed to the driver of the tan car who was leaning against the lamp-post surveying the scene with stupid eyes.

"Grahame . . . report at the precinct station . . . tomorrow will do. Send your driver down, too, Miss Kent."

"Would you mind seeing me home, Mr. Grahame?" asked the girl softly.

The man from the cab took the bill Grahame extended him and walked back toward his car. Grahame got in beside the girl. A few minutes later the car purred smoothly toward Beverly Hills.

The girl pressed her gloved fingers upon Grahame's coat sleeve.

"Thank you . . . very much," she said.

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Tomorrow, Grahame finds a strange reticence in Janice Kent's behavior.

LIQUOR STOCKS SUBJECT TO TAX

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 16.—(Spl.)—J. W. Maloney, collector of internal revenue, today called attention to the fact that under the new liquor law just passed by congress, payment of floor taxes will be required from all persons holding stocks of distilled spirits, wines, etc. on hand, for sale at the effective date of the act. This would include both wholesale and retail dealers.

Mr. Maloney stated that all persons who have stocks of distilled spirits including alcohol, rectified spirits, wines ,cordials, etc. on hand at the beginning of business January 12 should immediately take an inventory of their stock, segregating the wines by alcoholic content and listing each kind of spirits, wines, etc. separately.

This inventory should be held by the taxpayer pending the receipt of forms from his office on which to file the return of the floor taxes. These forms will be mailed to all persons liable for payment of the floor taxes as soon as they are available for distribution.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

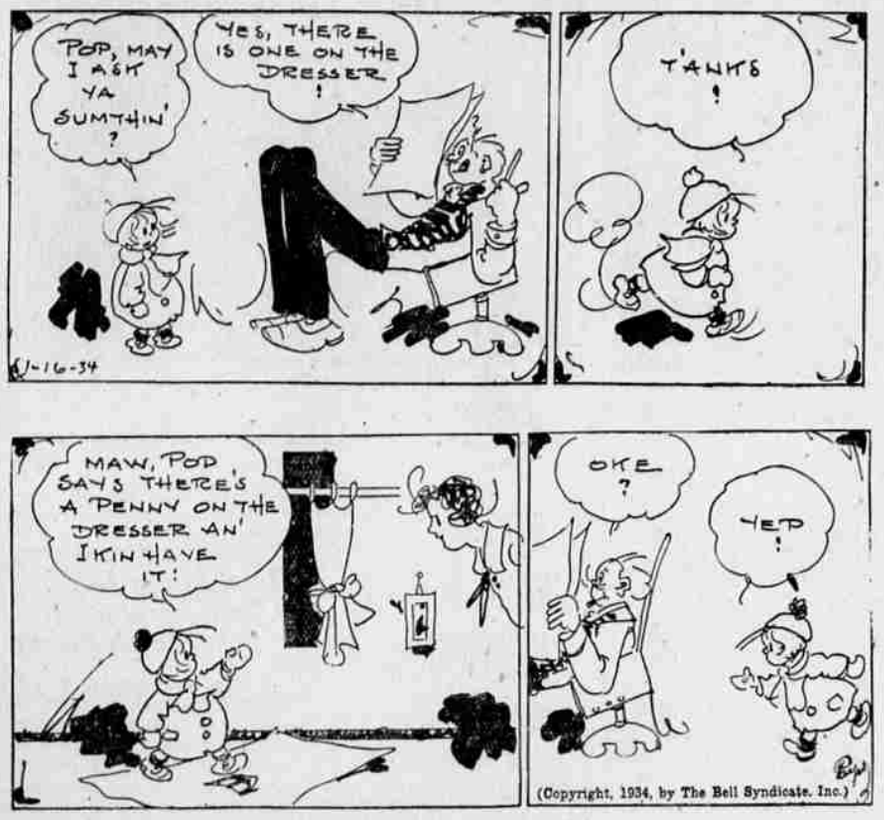
Phone 542. We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

WILLAMETTE FARMERS IN LOAN ASSOCIATION

EUGENE, Ore., Jan. 16.—(AP)—The Willamette Production Credit Association, capitalized at $100,000, and organized to handle farm loans for seed purposes, for the harvesting of crops, and similar farm activities, has applied for a charter and probably will be functioning by March 1.

Farmers receiving loans will take out five per cent of the loan in stock in the association, the money forming the capitalization. No stock will be sold.

S'MATTER POP— By C. M. PAYNE

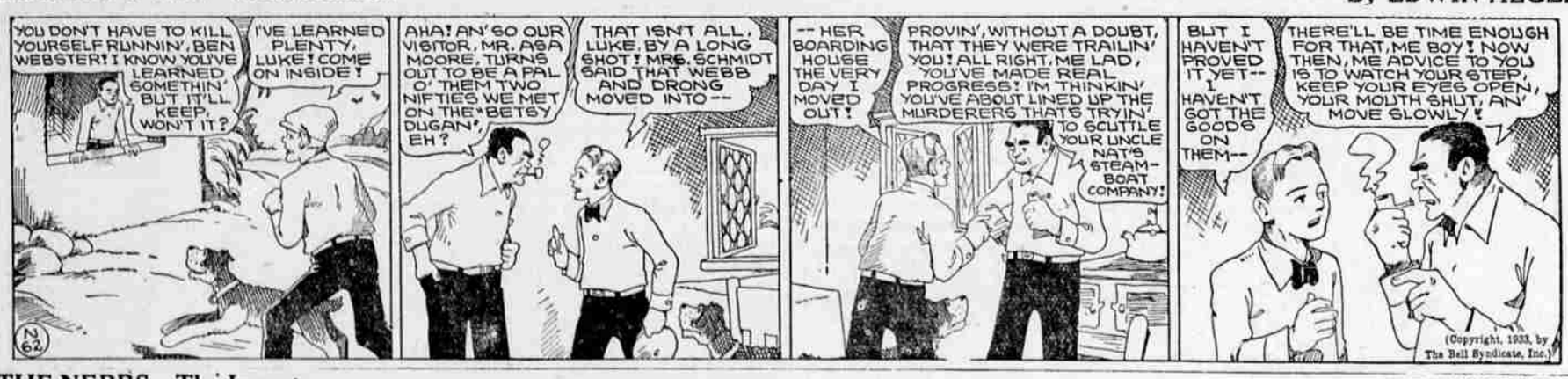


SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Battle In The Cab!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Good Advice! By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Ingrate By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

BRIDGE PAYMENT PLAN UNDECIDED

SALEM, Jan. 16.—(AP)—Whether or not the five Oregon bridges, to be built with federal loans and grants, will be toll spans will be up to the state highway commission, Joe M. Devers, attorney for the commission, said today upon his return from Washington where he spent the past month in the interests of these projects.

The contract being drawn up by public works officials will leave the matter of repayment optional and up to the state, and tolls may be charged or the money repaid by current revenue, Devers said.

Should the state commission decide against charging tolls, an amendment would be required to the special act of the legislature which authorized the loans on the basis of tolls. There would be sufficient time for the regular 1935 session to do this, as none of the briges could be completed by that time, he stated.

LOCAL HEROISM CASES EYED BY MEDAL GIVERS

Definite word was received this morning by the chamber of commerce from the Carnegie hero fund commission that the applications recently submitted will be investigated in due course.

Recommendations have been made by the local chamber of commerce for medals for Mrs. John Holmer and George Takao and immediately a decision is reached, the chamber of commerce will be advised.

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation